



ALL IN

13+
TEEN **1**

ABSOLUTE BATMAN



SCOTT
SNYDER
NICK
DRAGOTTA
FRANK
MARTIN

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WELCOME TO THE CHIROPTERA
HABITAT.

Bats are
CRAZY!

AS YOU ENTER THE ENCLOSURE
WE ASK YOU DON'T TAKE
PICTURES, BUT OBSERVE HOW...

I'M
BATTY.

Bats
FLY!

Bats
**WALK ON
THEIR**

Ba
**HAN
UPS!**

BRUCE!

THERE'LL BE
PLENTY OF TIME FOR
BATS LATER.

COME
ON. LET'S
START.





**ABSOLUTE
BATMAN**

"THE ZOO"

**PART ONE
OF FIVE**

Hello again, Gotham.

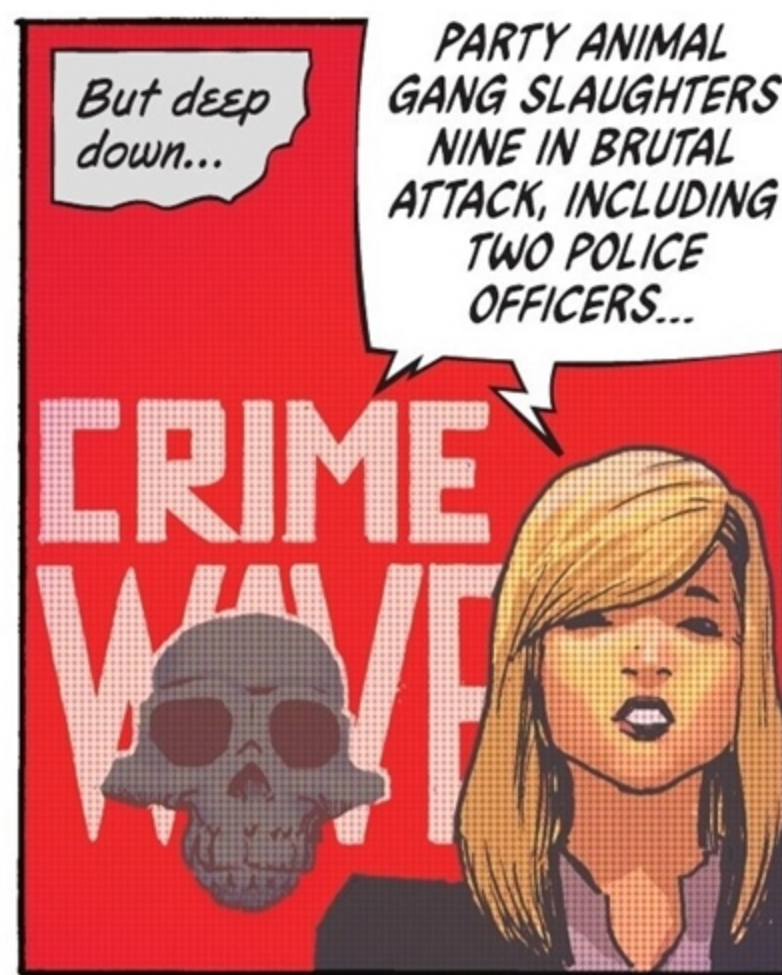


It's been a long time.



So, who are you these days? Who have you become while I was gone?

You're prettier, I'll give you that. Taller, brighter.



But deep down...

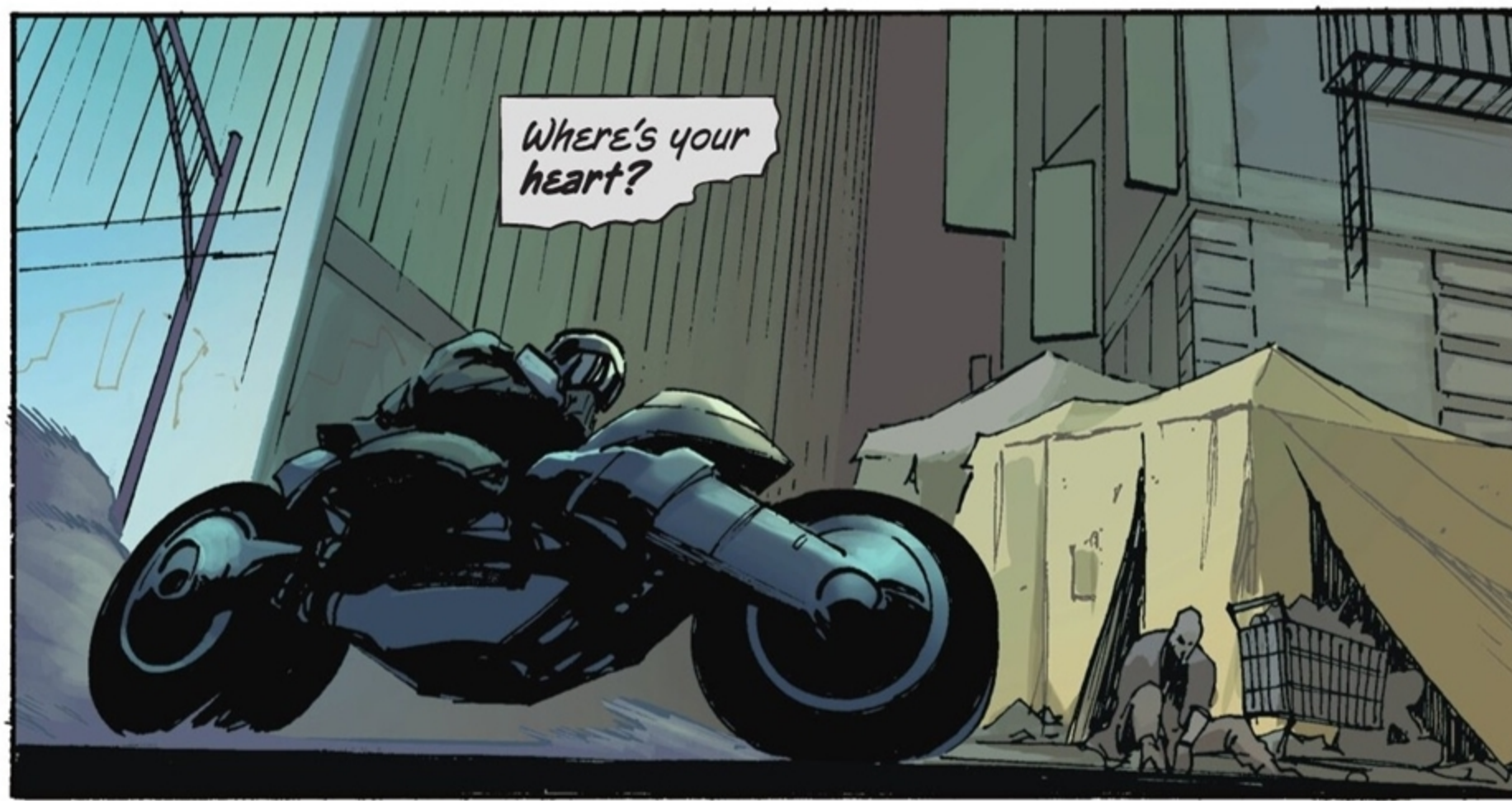
PARTY ANIMAL GANG SLAUGHTERS NINE IN BRUTAL ATTACK, INCLUDING TWO POLICE OFFICERS...



...something's changed.



My third lap around and I still can't find it.



Where's your heart?



You used to have a center. Hot and beating.



But something's hollowed you out.



In fact, I barely recognize you anymore.



I'm not sure I like this new you, Gotham.

But that's okay.



I don't think you're going to like me much, either.



My name is Alfred Pennyworth.

And I'm here to do some bad things.

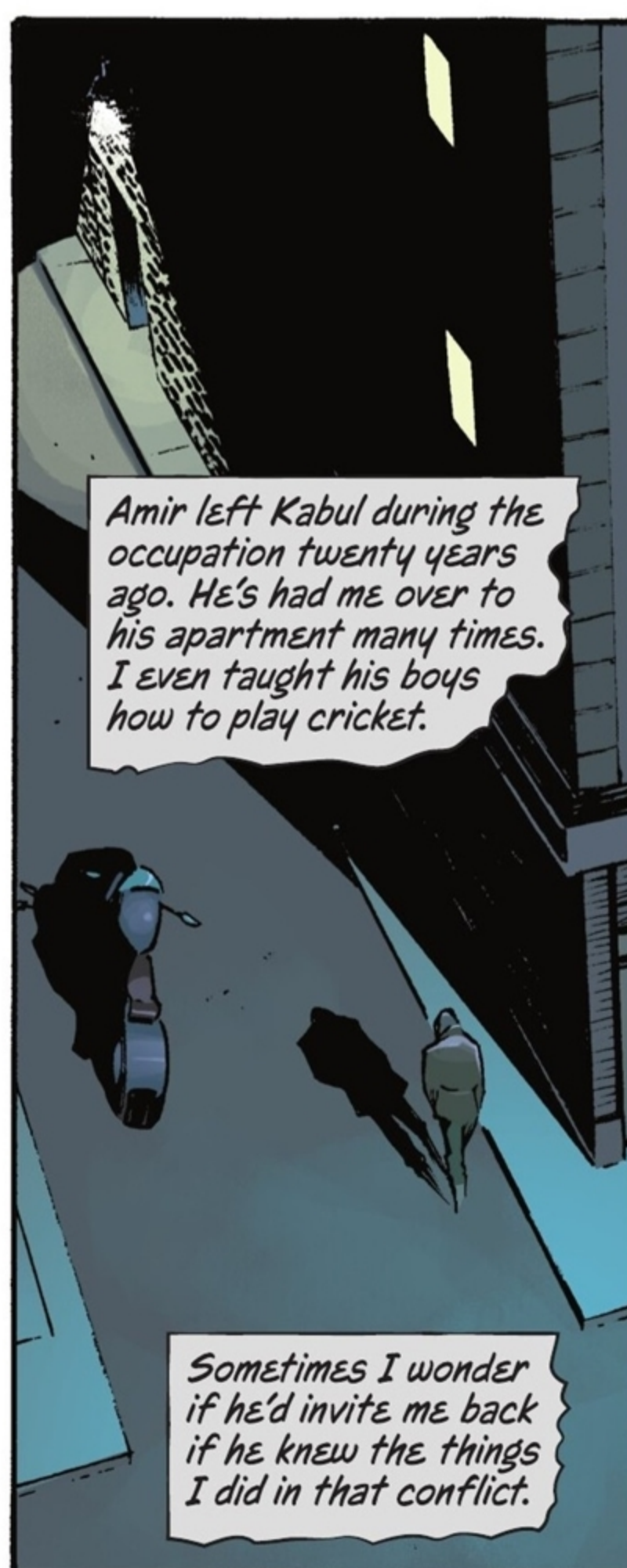


SO GOOD TO SEE YOU, OLD FRIEND. I STILL STOCK YOUR FAVORITE.

YOU'RE A GIANT AMONG MEN, AMIR.

NEVER.

TRUE, TRUE. BUT I WOULDN'T LEAVE YOUR BIKE OUT THERE UNLESS YOU'RE ASKING FOR TROUBLE...

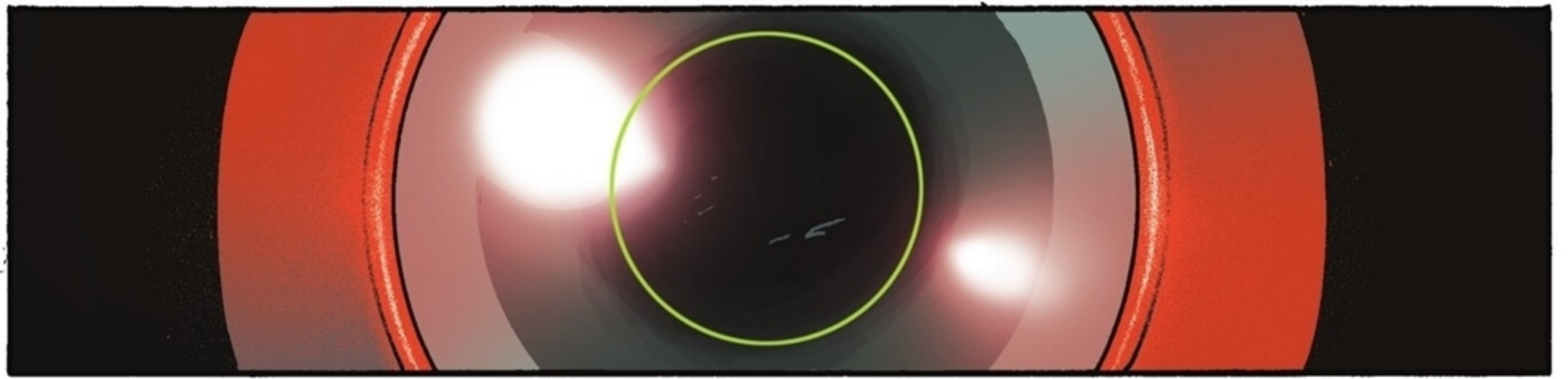


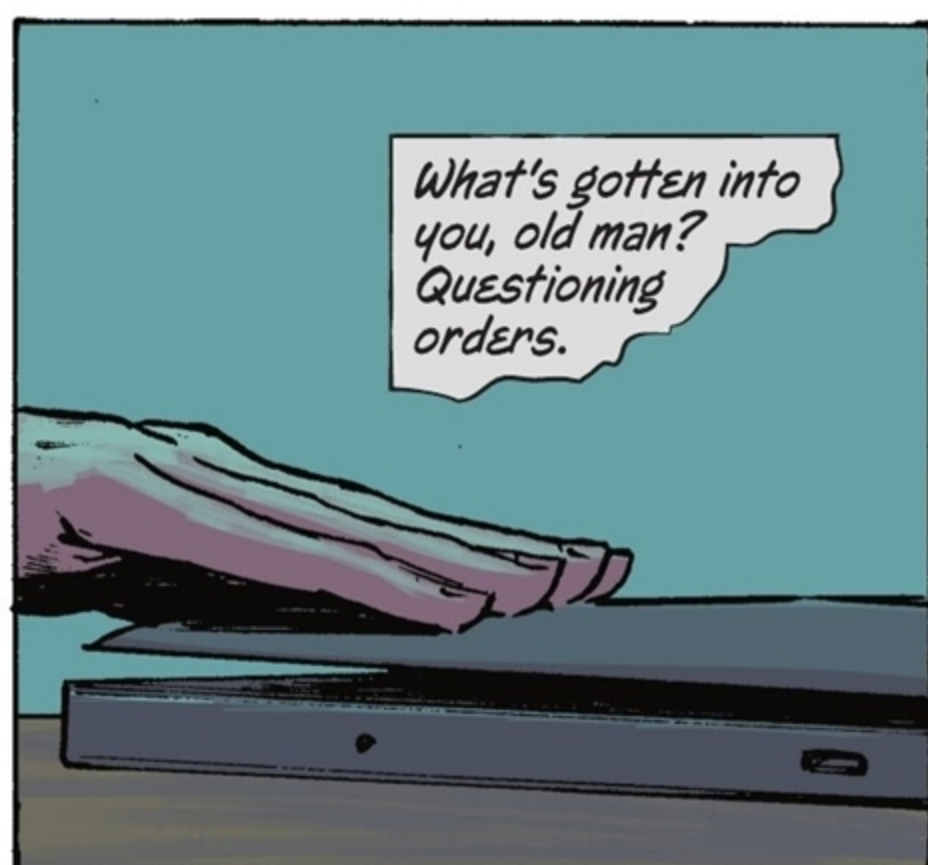
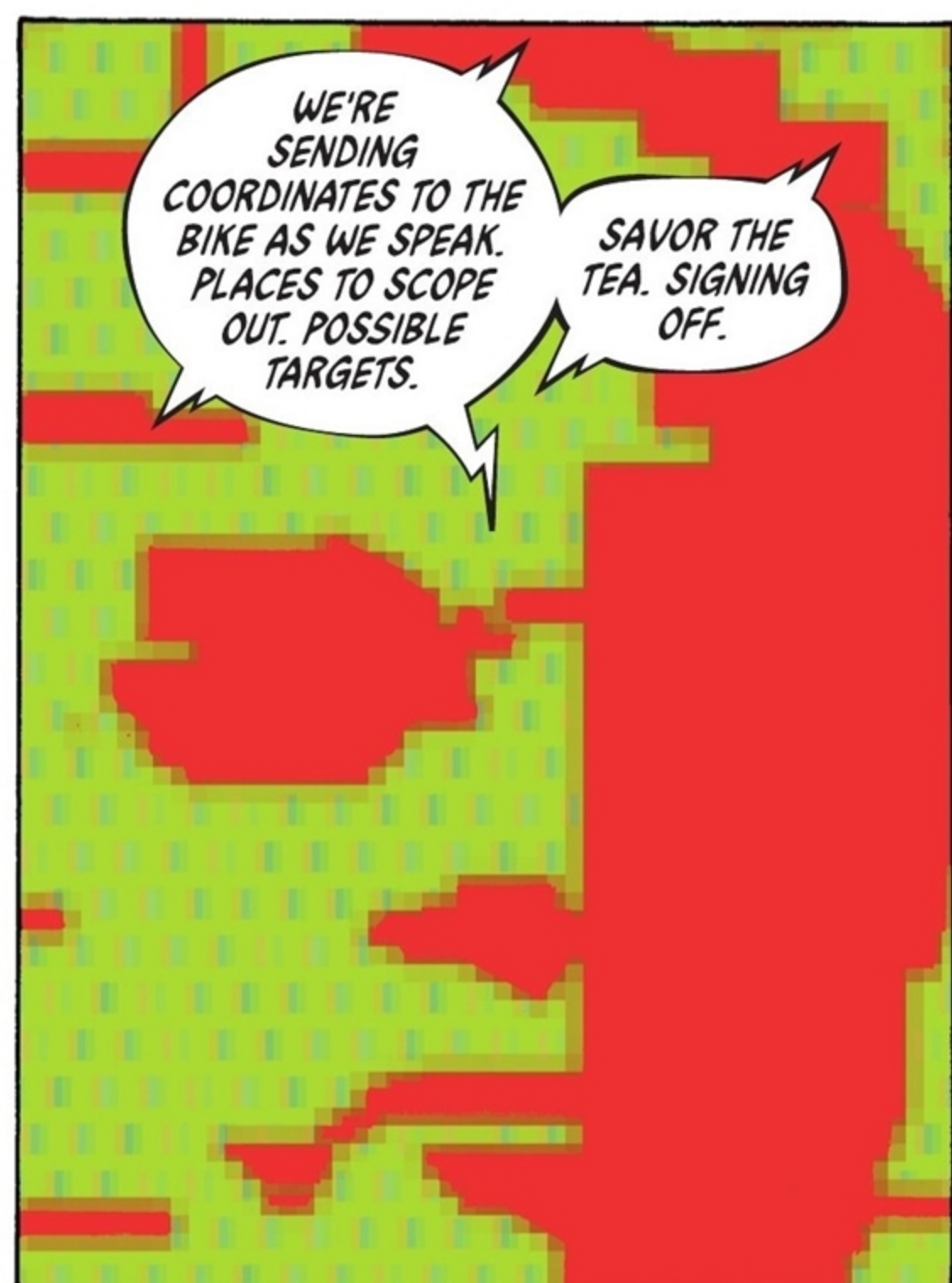
Amir left Kabul during the occupation twenty years ago. He's had me over to his apartment many times. I even taught his boys how to play cricket.

Sometimes I wonder if he'd invite me back if he knew the things I did in that conflict.



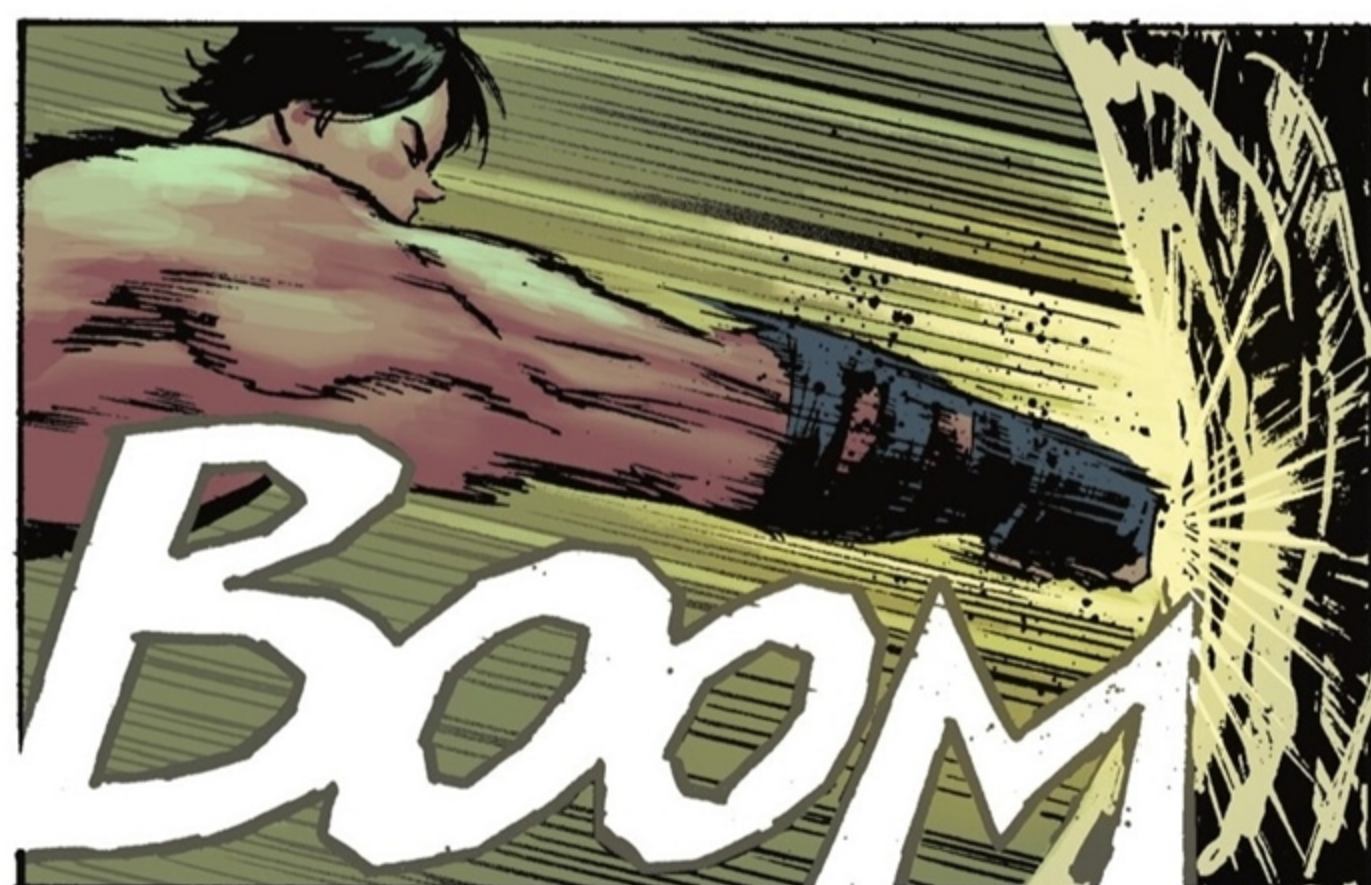
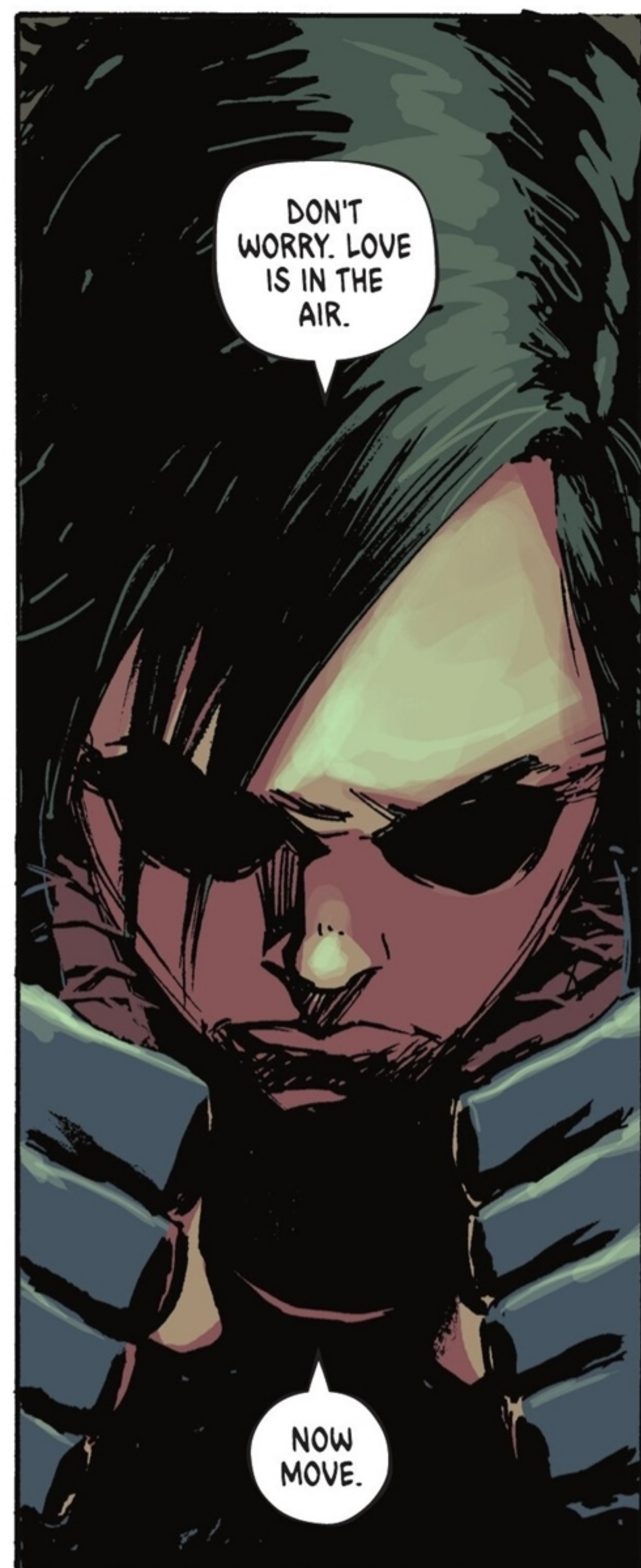
But...he runs the only decent tea shop in Gotham, which is why I keep my things next door.

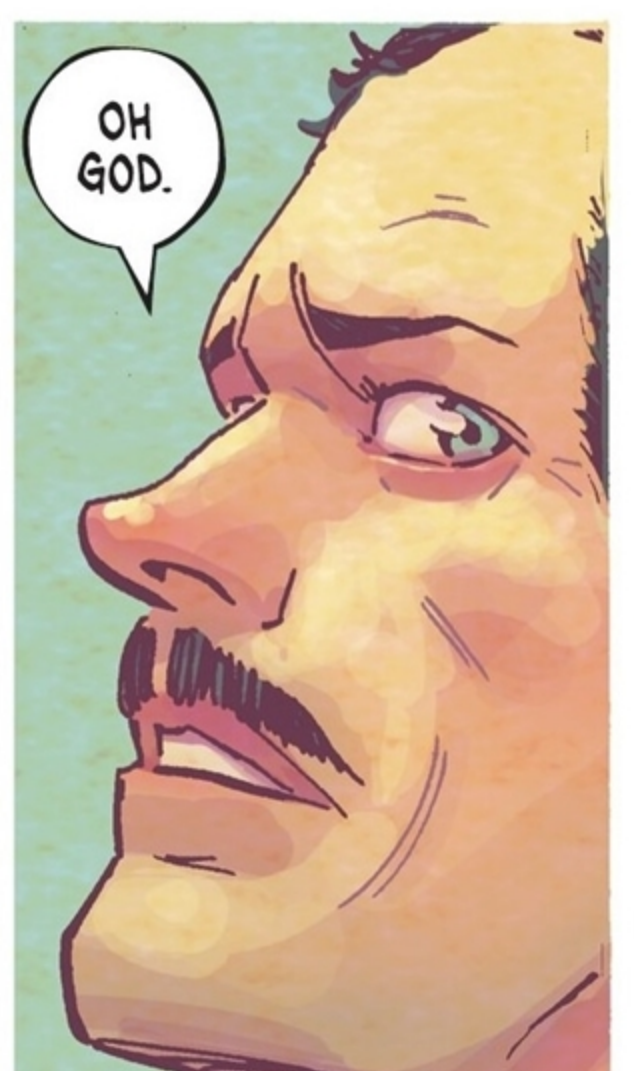
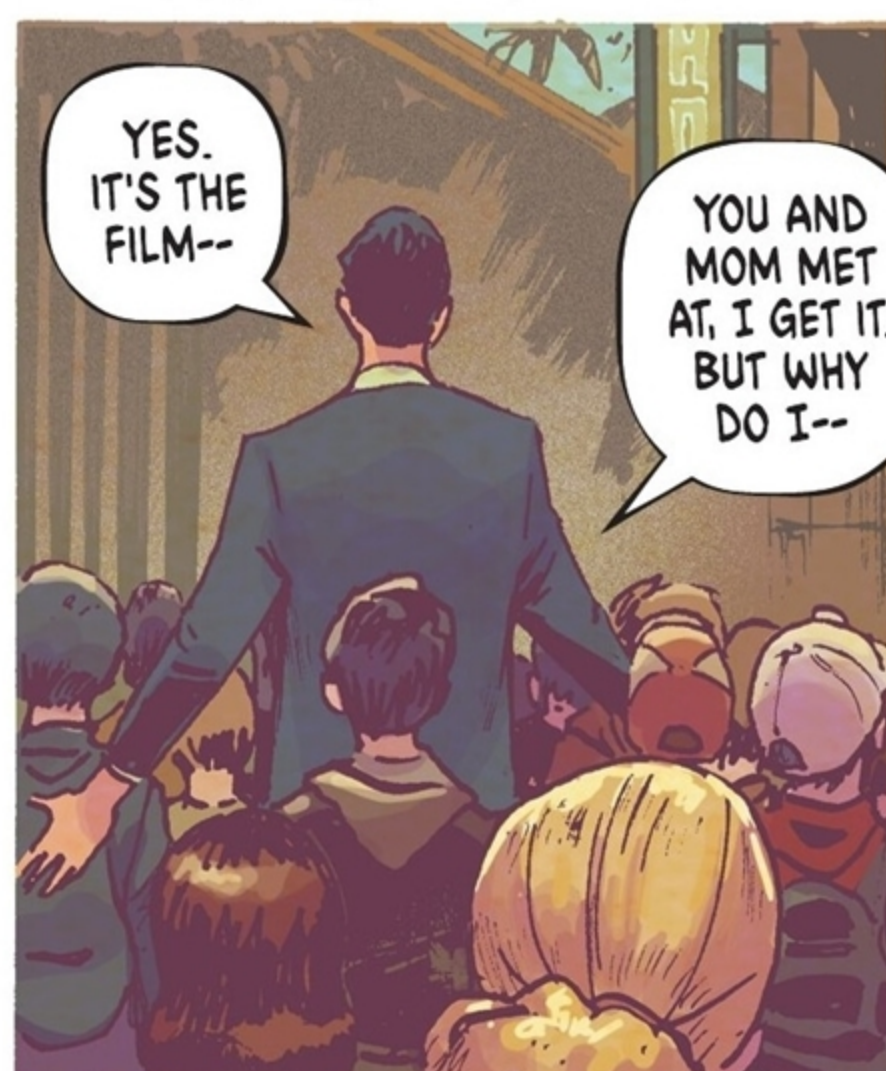














REALLY?

@#%\$.
SORRY,
WAYLON.

»SIGH»
SO...LET'S MAKE
IT **NINETY** FOR
THE BAG.

THIRTY
FOR THE
SAND--



WHAT? THE
SAND **COMES**
IN THE BAG.

FOR THE
CLEANUP OF
THE SAND, MY FRIEND.
MY TIME IS COSTLY
THESE DAYS.



YOU'RE
REALLY GOING
THROUGH WITH
IT?

YEP. I'M
THINKING OF
CALLING THE
PLACE "**WAYLON'S
SCALES OF
GOTHAM.**"

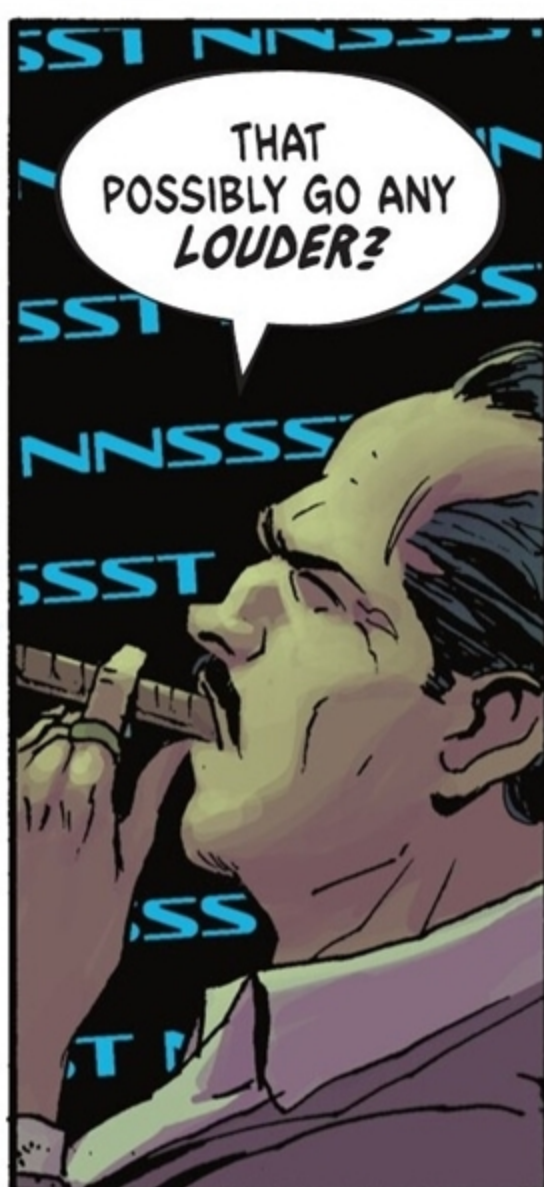
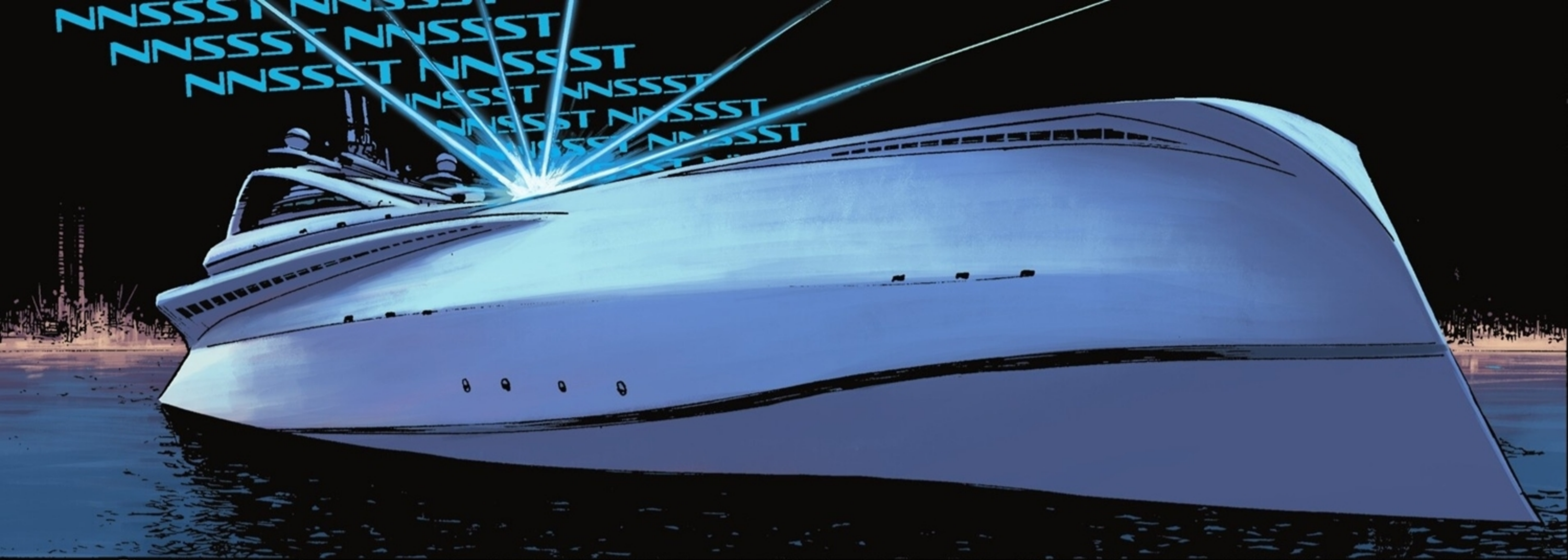
OZZIE HOOKED
ME UP WITH THE
EXOTIC-PET LICENSE.
WENT IN WITH
ME, TOO.

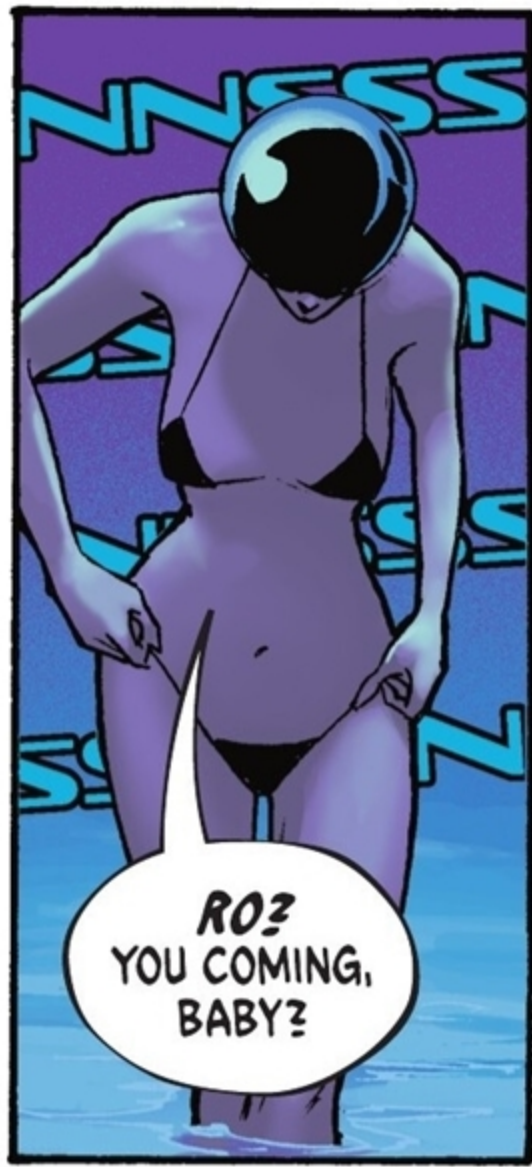


OZZIE?
WAY...

...HE'S GOING
TO GET BUSTED ANY
DAY NOW.







RO?
YOU COMING,
BABY?



WELL RUMOR IS, THESE
PARTY ANIMAL PIECES
OF @#%\$, THEY'RE
YOUR GUYS.



KILLING
PEOPLE RIGHT AND LEFT.
OLD LADIES. KIDS. FOR
WHAT? WHY?



THERE'S *RULES*,
UNDERSTAND? GOTHAM
ISN'T JUST--

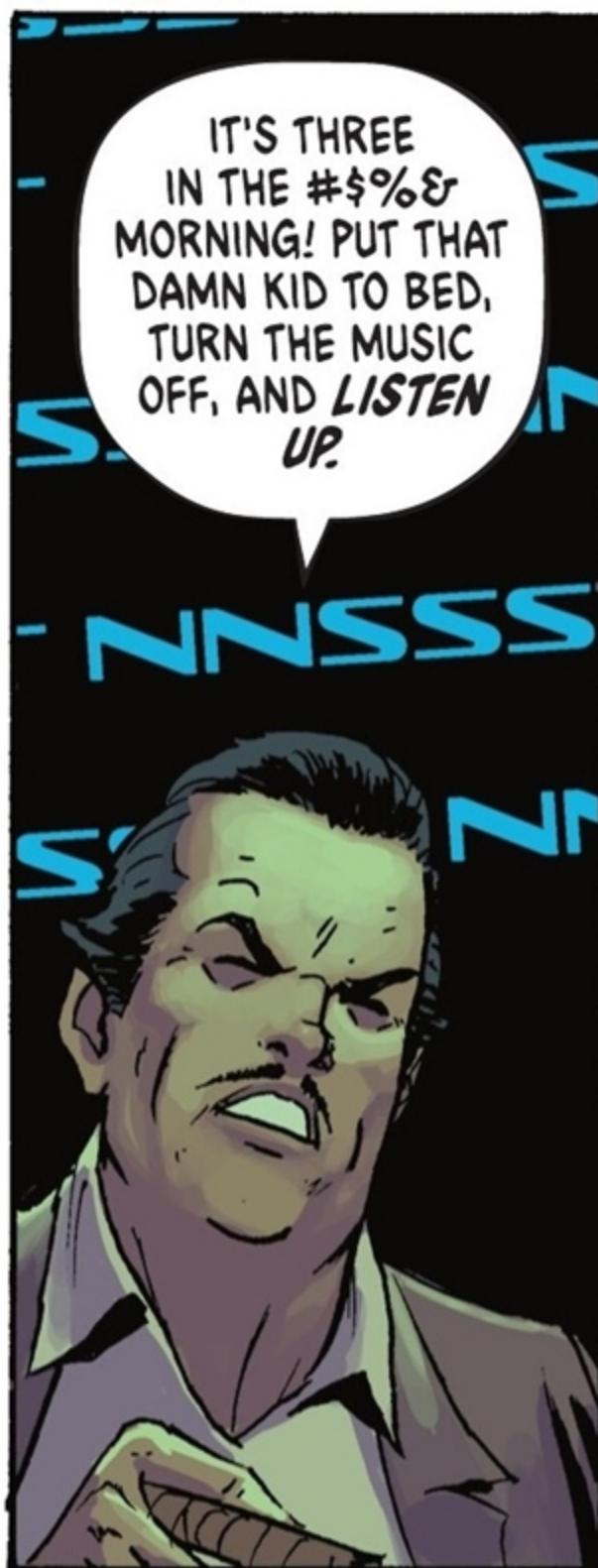
ROMAN?

HEY,
KIDDO.

WHEN ARE
YOU ALL COMING
TO DANCE?



MR. MARONIZ
MR. FALCONEZ
WHAT DO YOU
SAY? SHALL WE?
THE NIGHT IS
YOUNG.



IT'S THREE
IN THE @#%&
MORNING! PUT THAT
DAMN KID TO BED,
TURN THE MUSIC
OFF, AND *LISTEN*
UP.



DR.
BENJAMIN! OFF,
PLEASE.

OKAY, I'M
LISTENING.



WE HEAR *RUMORS* ABOUT
YOU. HEAR YOU'RE SOME
KIND OF BIG SHOT...



GOT GUYS ALL OVER THE WORLD, DIFFERENT ANIMALS,
GOATS HERE, *GIRAFFES* THERE. YOU'RE CONNECTED
TO SOME GLOBAL, SICK, ILLUMINATI
WHATEVER THE HELL.

BUT THE TRUTH IS WE'VE
BEEN IN BUSINESS HERE
FOR 150 YEARS,
UNDERSTAND? A *CENTURY*
AND A *HALF*. THAT'S
HISTORY. YOU NEED
TO RESPECT IT.

THAT'S RIGHT. AND
WE'VE GOT *BROTHERS*
AND *COUSINS*, AND GUYS
ALL OVER TOWN. SO TAKE
YOUR LITTLE PARTY BOAT
AND SAIL AWAY BY DAWN.
DAWN OR YOU'RE DEAD.
YOU HEAR US?



BABY. SHOW
THEM THE
MASKS.

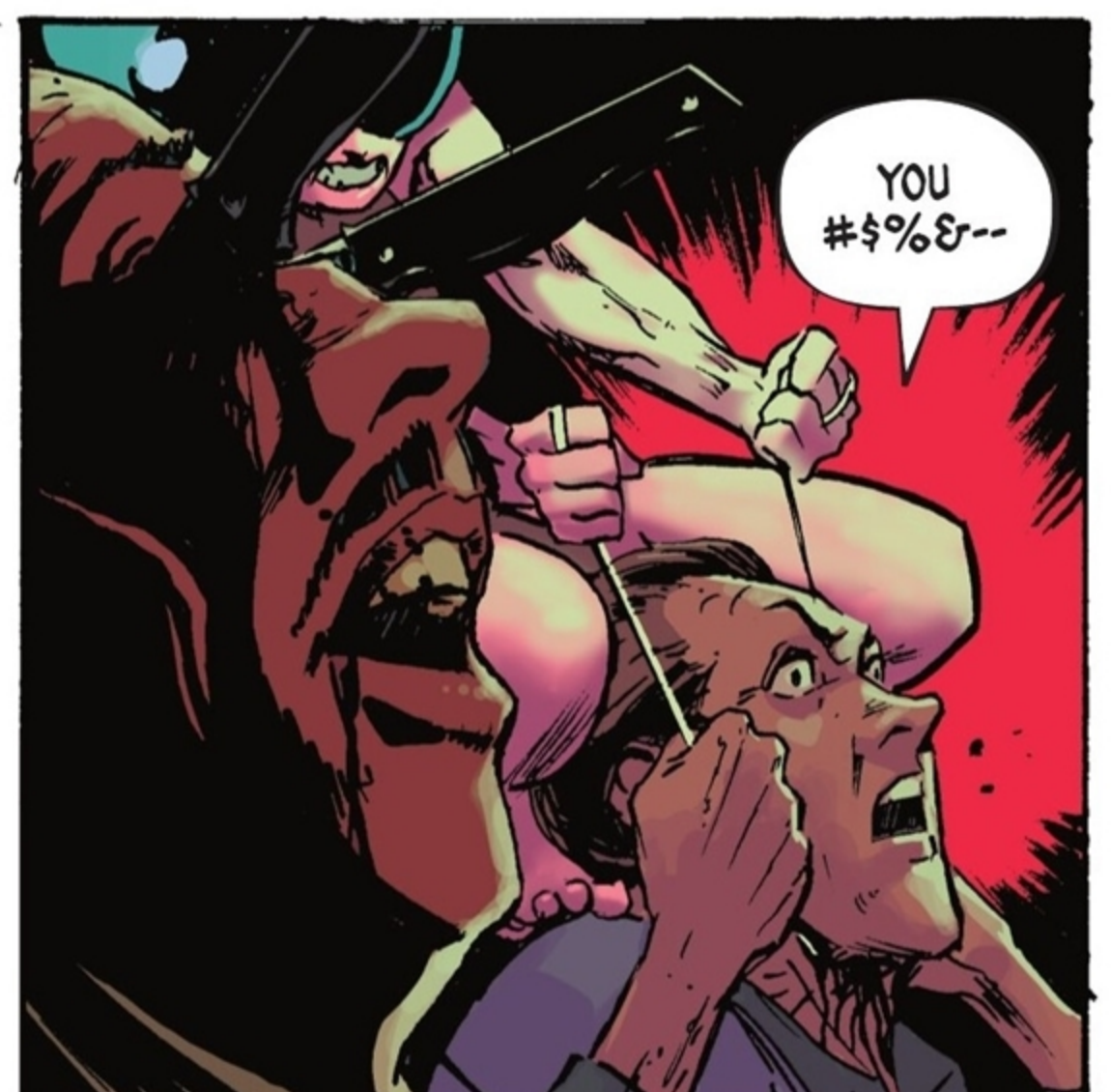


GOOD IDEA, SWEETHEART.

FRIENDS, I'M
AFRAID YOU HAVE ME
ALL WRONG. *HISTORY*
IS WHAT I'M ALL ABOUT.
THAT'S WHAT WE'RE
CELEBRATING
HERE...



...ITS
END.





--SIX MORE
MURDERED
JUST TODAY--

THE QUESTION IS,
WHO **ARE** THESE
MONSTERS, THE
"PARTY ANIMALS"?
SOME SAY KIDS
GONE MAD--



--HACKED APART WITH
MACHETES. WE ARE WARNING
YOU, THE FOOTAGE YOU'RE
ABOUT TO SEE IS DISTURBING.
YOU MIGHT WANT SMALL
CHILDREN TO--



--TRUTH IS, ALL OF US HERE AT THE
STATION ARE PRAYING FOR GOTHAM.
FOR ITS PEOPLE, ITS FUTURE...



--TONIGHT MAYOR JIM GORDON
IS HOLDING AN EMERGENCY TOWN
HALL TO DISCUSS WHAT TO DO
ABOUT THE PARTY ANIMALS'
REIGN OF TERROR. HERE'S
HOPING IT'S **EVENTFUL**...



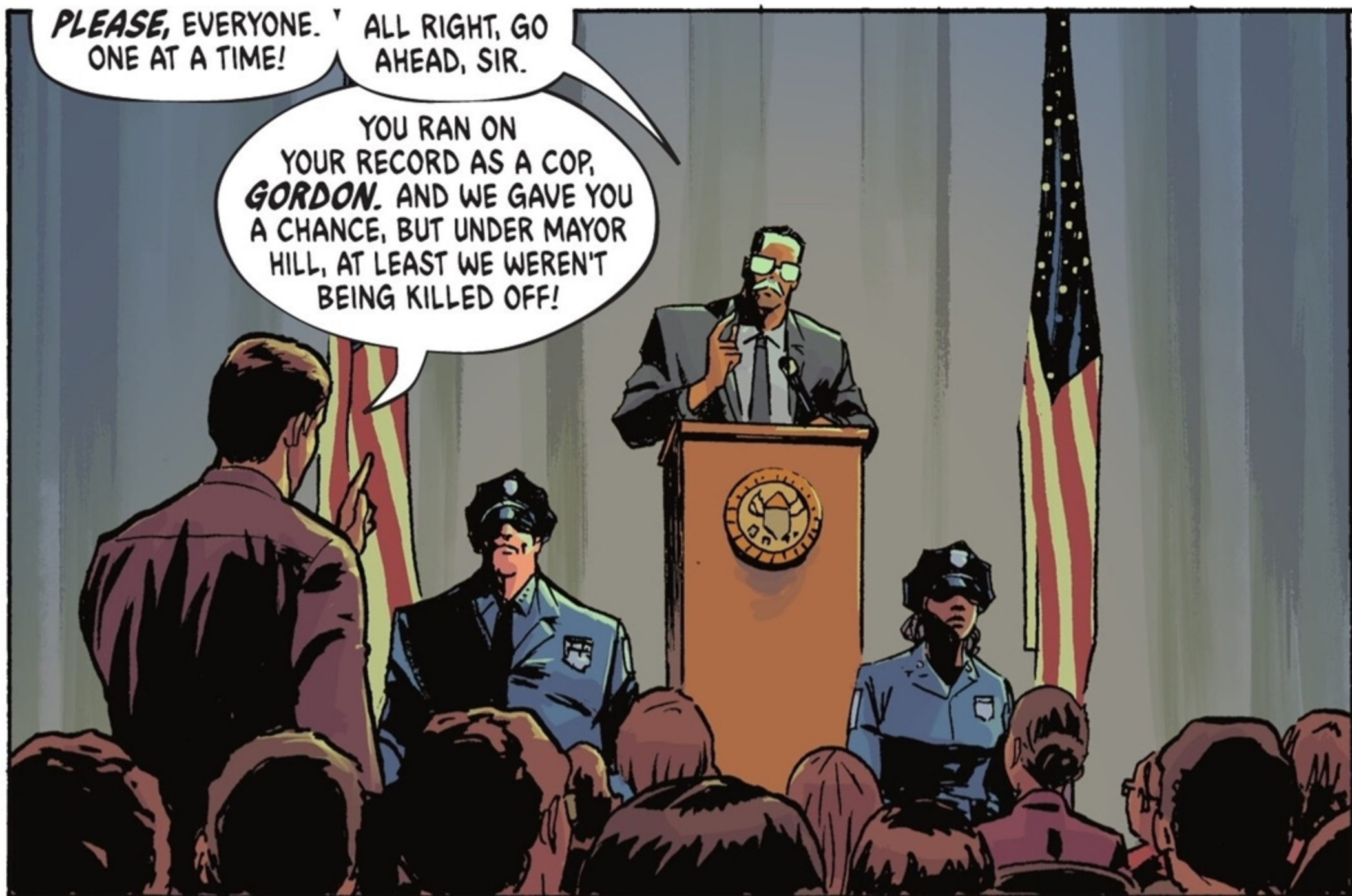


--YOU'RE A DISGRACE, GORDON!

--STEP DOWN BEFORE--

--IS A JOKE--

--VOTING HILL--



PLEASE, EVERYONE. ' ALL RIGHT, GO ONE AT A TIME!

ALL RIGHT, GO AHEAD, SIR.

YOU RAN ON YOUR RECORD AS A COP, **GORDON**. AND WE GAVE YOU A CHANCE, BUT UNDER MAYOR HILL, AT LEAST WE WEREN'T BEING KILLED OFF!



HAMILTON HILL IS A DAMN CROOK, MAN. WE ALL KNOW THAT.



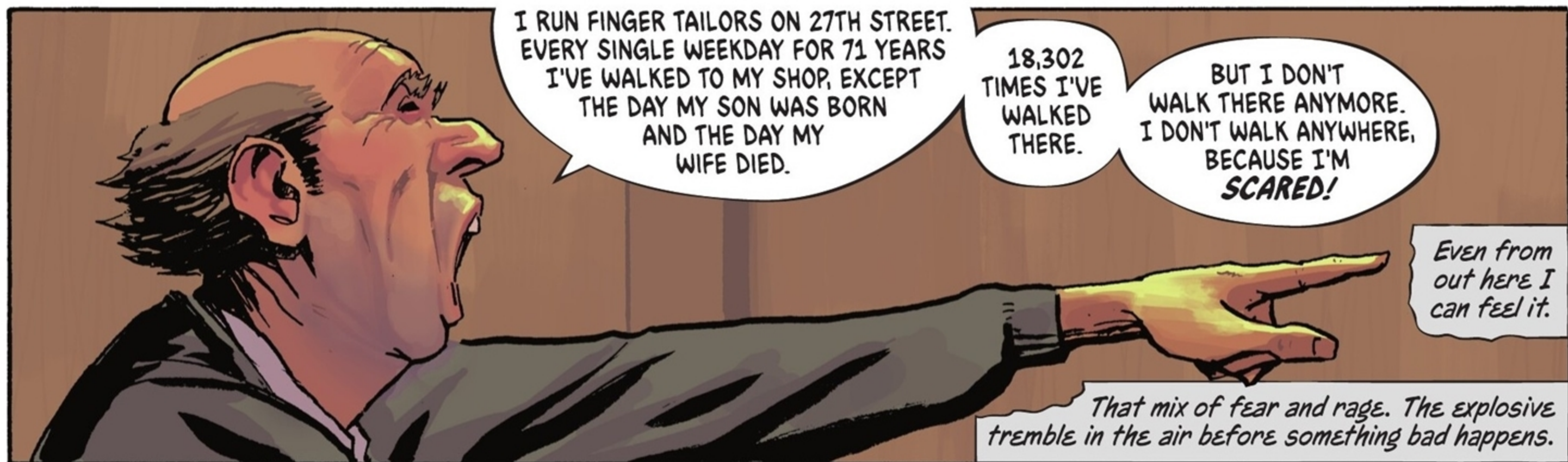
MAYBE HE *IS* A CROOK, BUT AT LEAST HE'S **TOUGH!**



HE'D FIGHT BACK!



WE ARE FIGHTING BACK, BUT *THIS* GANG, WE HAVE NO IDEA--



I RUN FINGER TAILORS ON 27TH STREET. EVERY SINGLE WEEKDAY FOR 71 YEARS I'VE WALKED TO MY SHOP, EXCEPT THE DAY MY SON WAS BORN AND THE DAY MY WIFE DIED.

18,302 TIMES I'VE WALKED THERE.

BUT I DON'T WALK THERE ANYMORE. I DON'T WALK ANYWHERE, BECAUSE I'M **SCARED!**

Even from out here I can feel it.

That mix of fear and rage. The explosive tremble in the air before something bad happens.



And then I see them.

Ape skulls and bad prom clothes. Heavily armed.

Laughing and giddy. Gleeful.

This is going to be bad.



PENNYWORTH REPORTING, SIR. PARTY ANIMALS ARE AT THE SITE. HEAVILY ARMED.

COPY. REPORT BACK AFTER INCIDENT.



...
MASS CASUALTIES POSSIBLE, SIR. PERMISSION TO ENGAGE IF--

PERMISSION DENIED, PENNYWORTH. WHATEVER HAPPENS THERE, YOU OBSERVE ONLY.



I PROMISE
YOU, WE **WILL** BRING
THESE CRIMINALS TO JUSTICE.
NOW, I'M WORKING 'ROUND
THE CLOCK WITH CITY
POLICE TO--



THE
POLICE?! THE
PARTY ANIMALS
JUST TORCHED
A STATION TWO
HOURS AGO!

IT'S ALL
OVER THE NEWS.
COPS RUNNING
AROUND ON FIRE.
DOWN ON KANE
AND THIRD.



THE COPS
CAN'T DO
A @#\$%
THING!



IS THAT
SO...?

**EASY,
BULLOCK.**



RRRR...



PEOPLE!
LOOK AT US!
THIS IS WHAT
THEY WANT!

ALL OF
US FIGHTING,
SCARED, BLAMING
EACH OTHER.

BUT JIM GORDON SERVED THIS
CITY HONORABLY FOR A LONG
TIME. I WORK WITH HIS
OFFICE, AND I TRUST HIM.
I ALSO **TRUST** US TO BE
BETTER THAN THIS.



BECAUSE IT'S NOT **JUST** UP TO
HIM OR COMMISSIONER BULLOCK.
IT'S UP TO **ALL** OF US TO STOP
THESE KILLERS.

THIS IS
OUR CITY, AND
TOGETHER,
WE WILL--



TINK
TINK









PENNYWORTH?
REPORT? CASUALTY
COUNT?

...NONE. THE
OTHER PLAYER
JUST ARRIVED.



IF HE
DISRUPTS INTEL
GATHERING, YOU
ARE TO ENGAGE.

PENNYWORTH?

...COPY.



UNH...

WHAT
HAPPENED?
WHO--



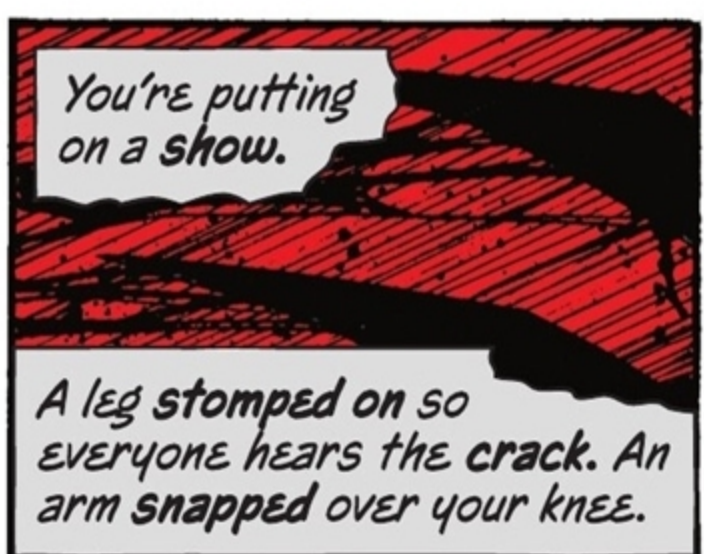
UP THERE!
SHRED
HIM!





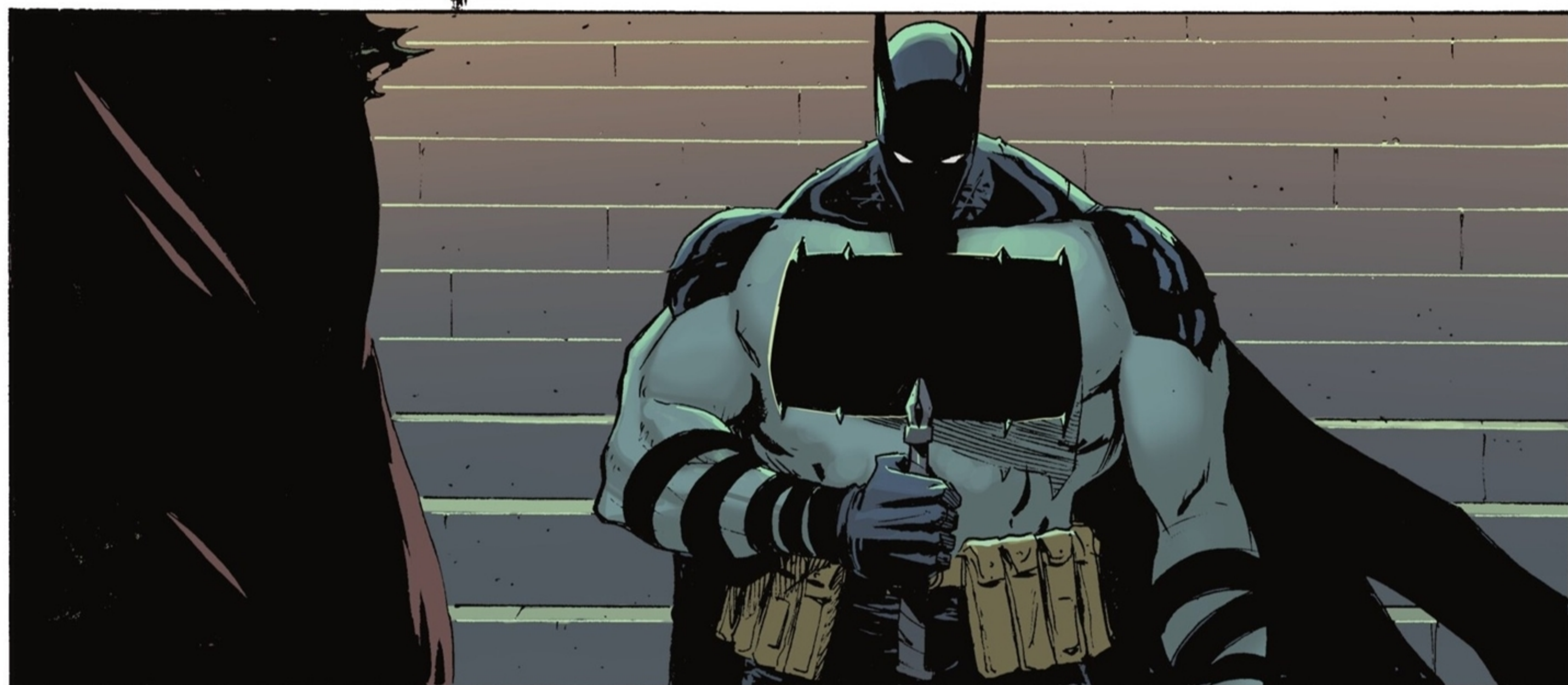






THIS **HAND** HAS KILLED MORE PEOPLE THAN YOU CAN COUNT. NOW I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU ONE CHANCE.

...GET THE #\$\$%& OUT OF OUR WAY.

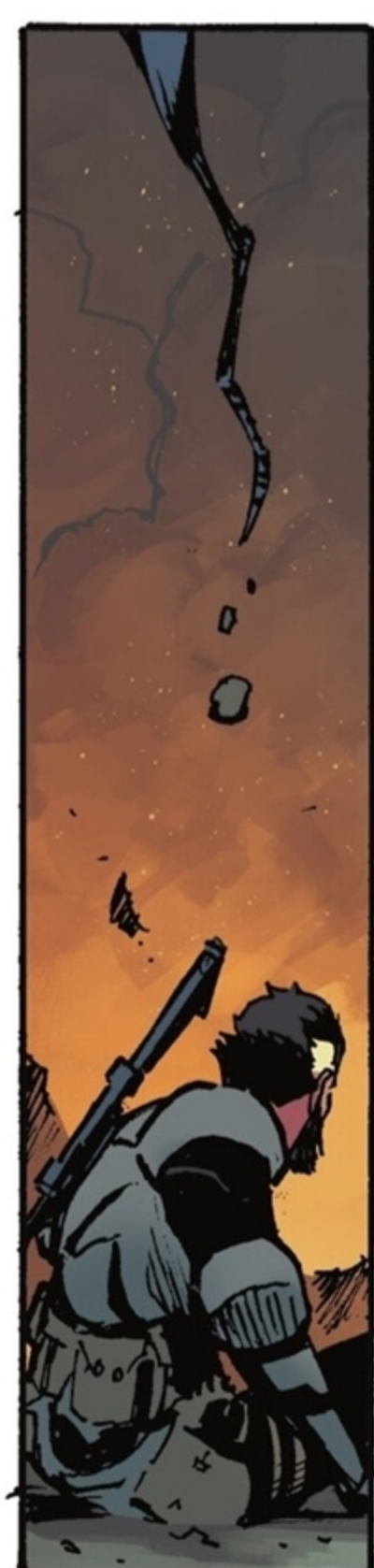
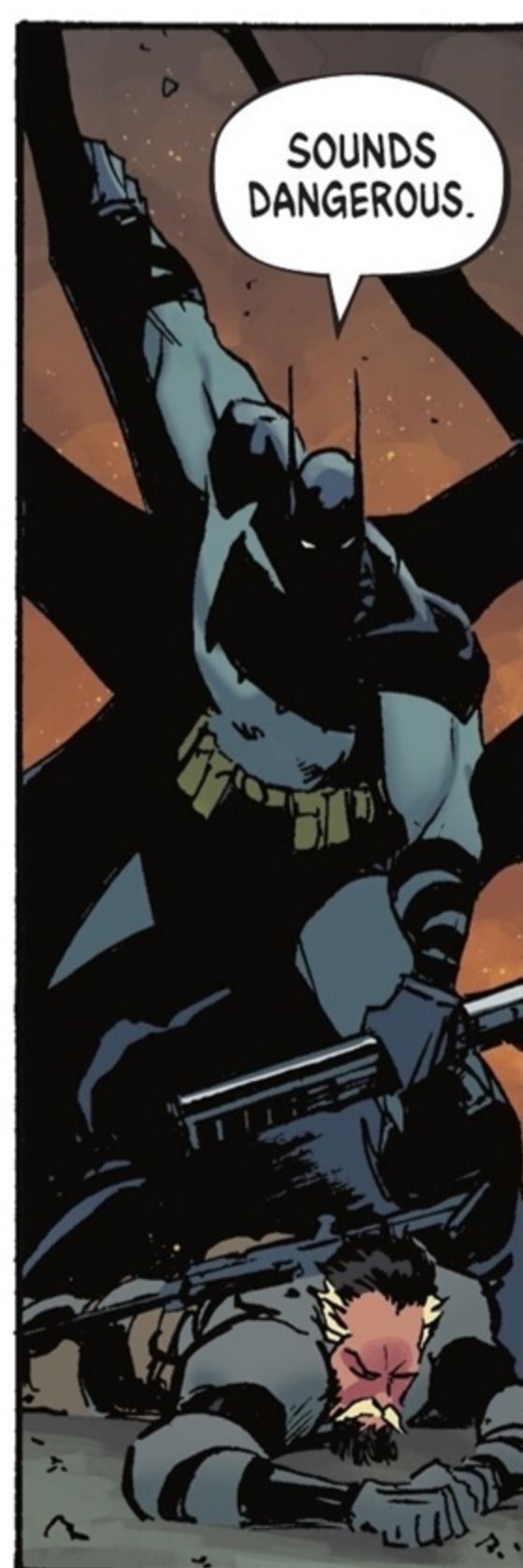


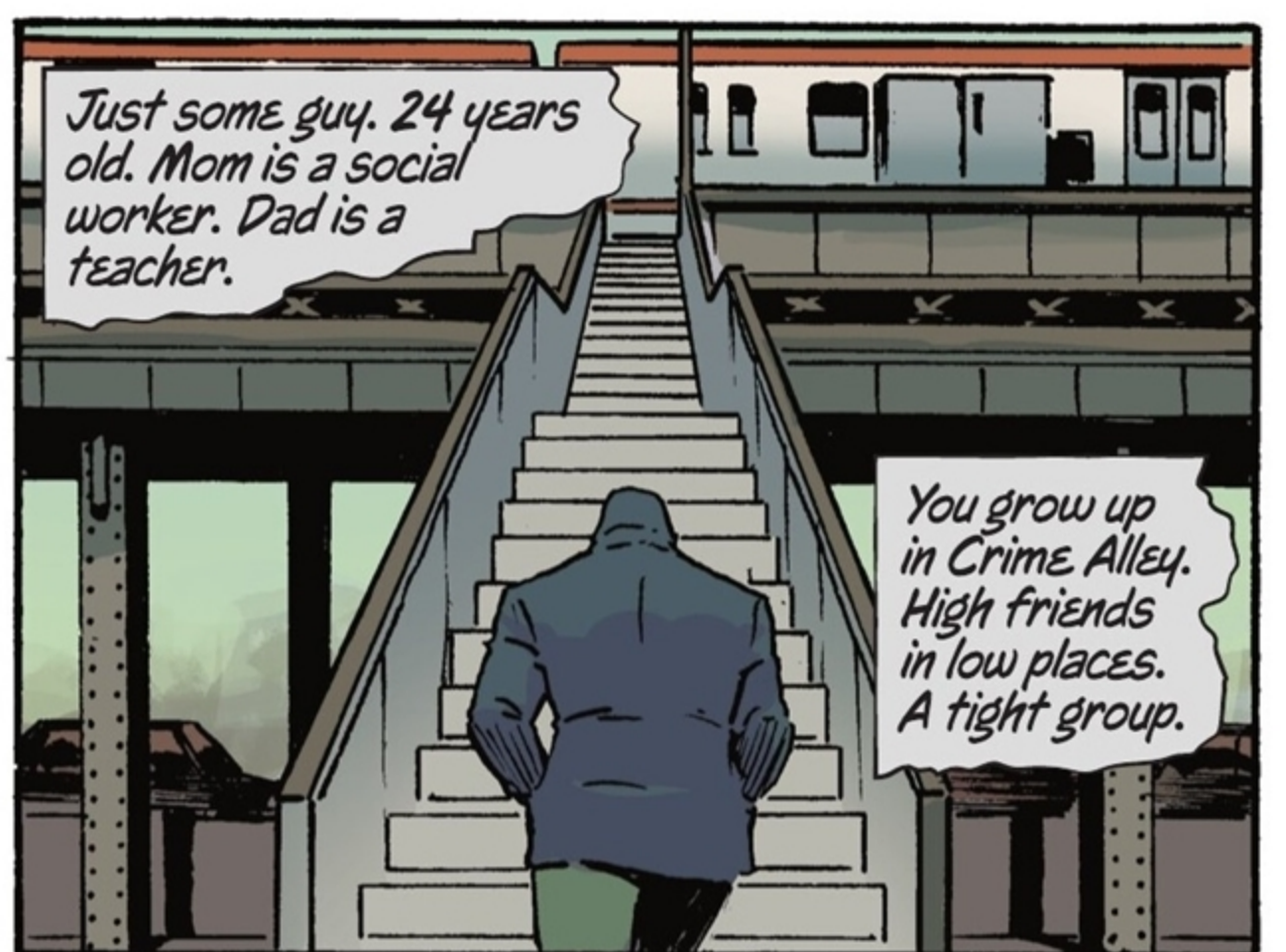


...I'M GOING
TO GIVE YOU ONE
CHANCE TO GET
THE #\$\$%&...



PENNYWORTH!
WHAT'S GOING ON
THERE? THE SATELLITE
IMAGES MAKE NO SENSE.
WHOEVER THE PLAYER
IS, YOU ARE TO
ENGAGE. COPY?



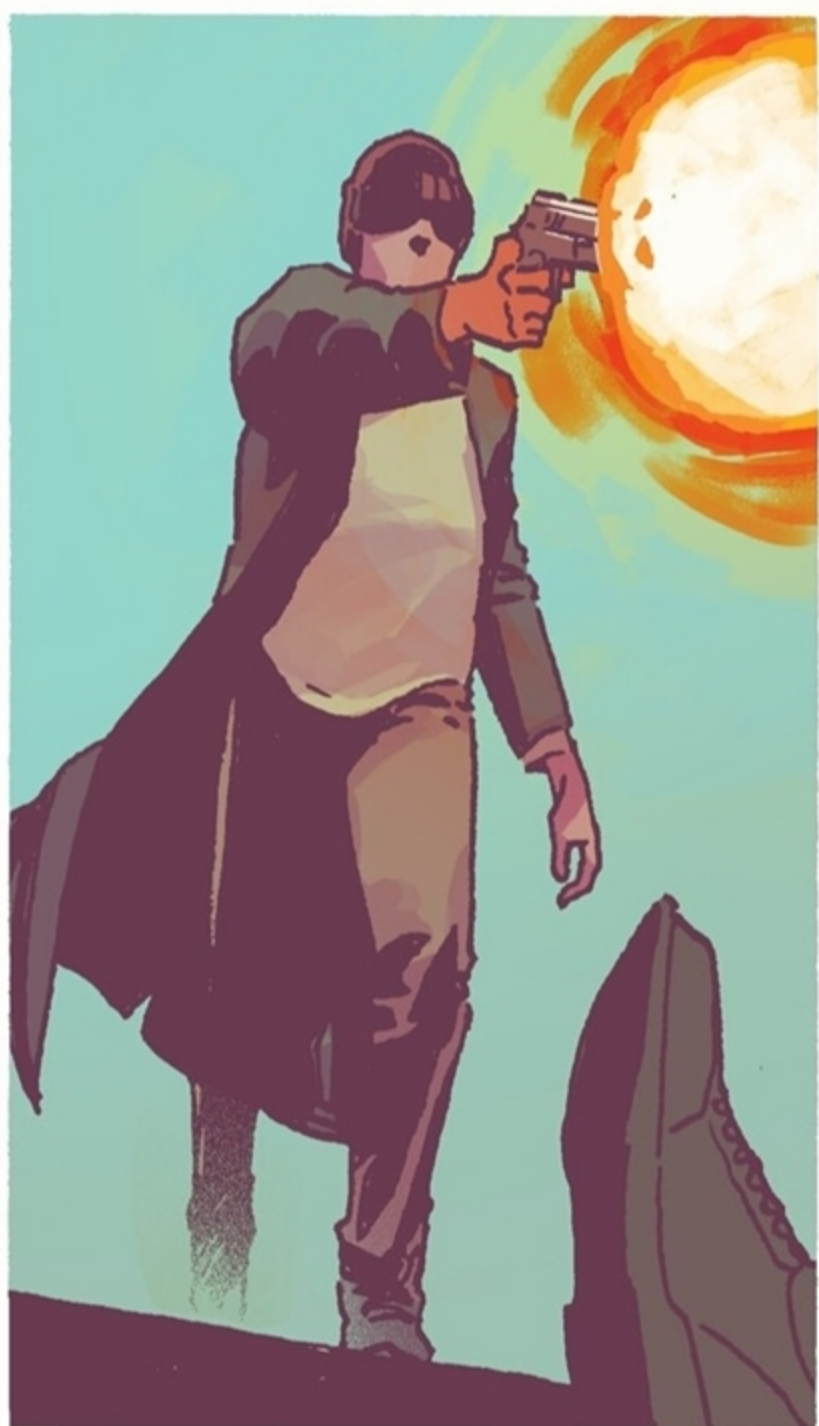




BLAM



BLAM



BLAM

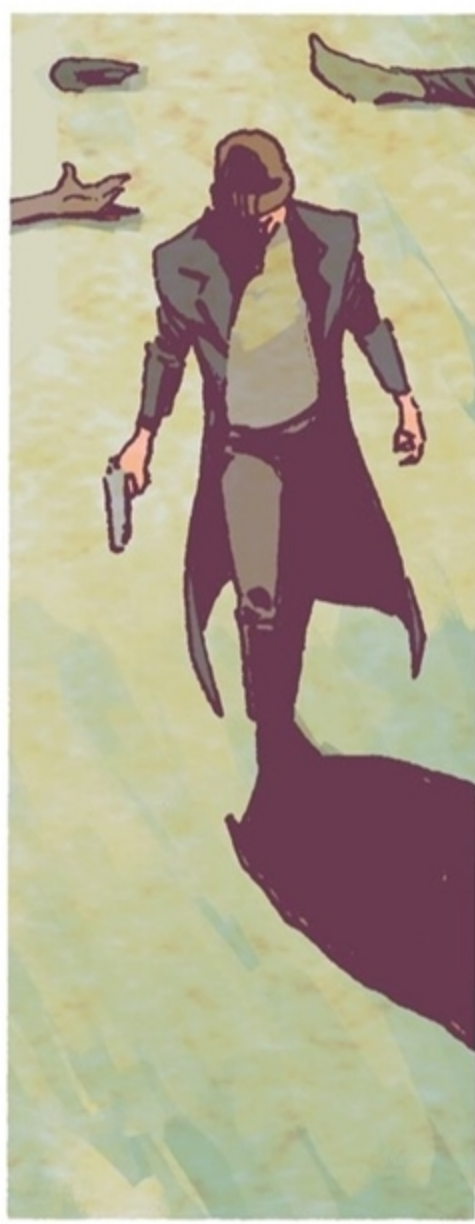


BLAM



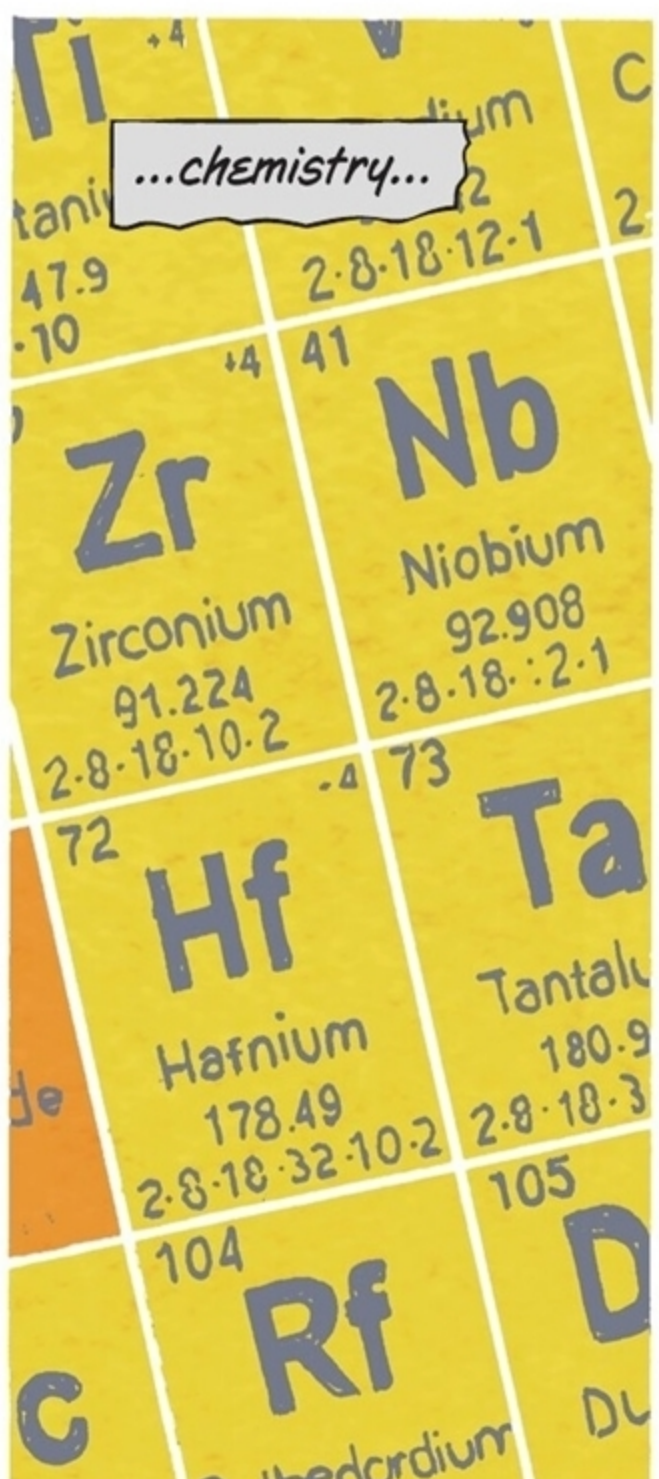
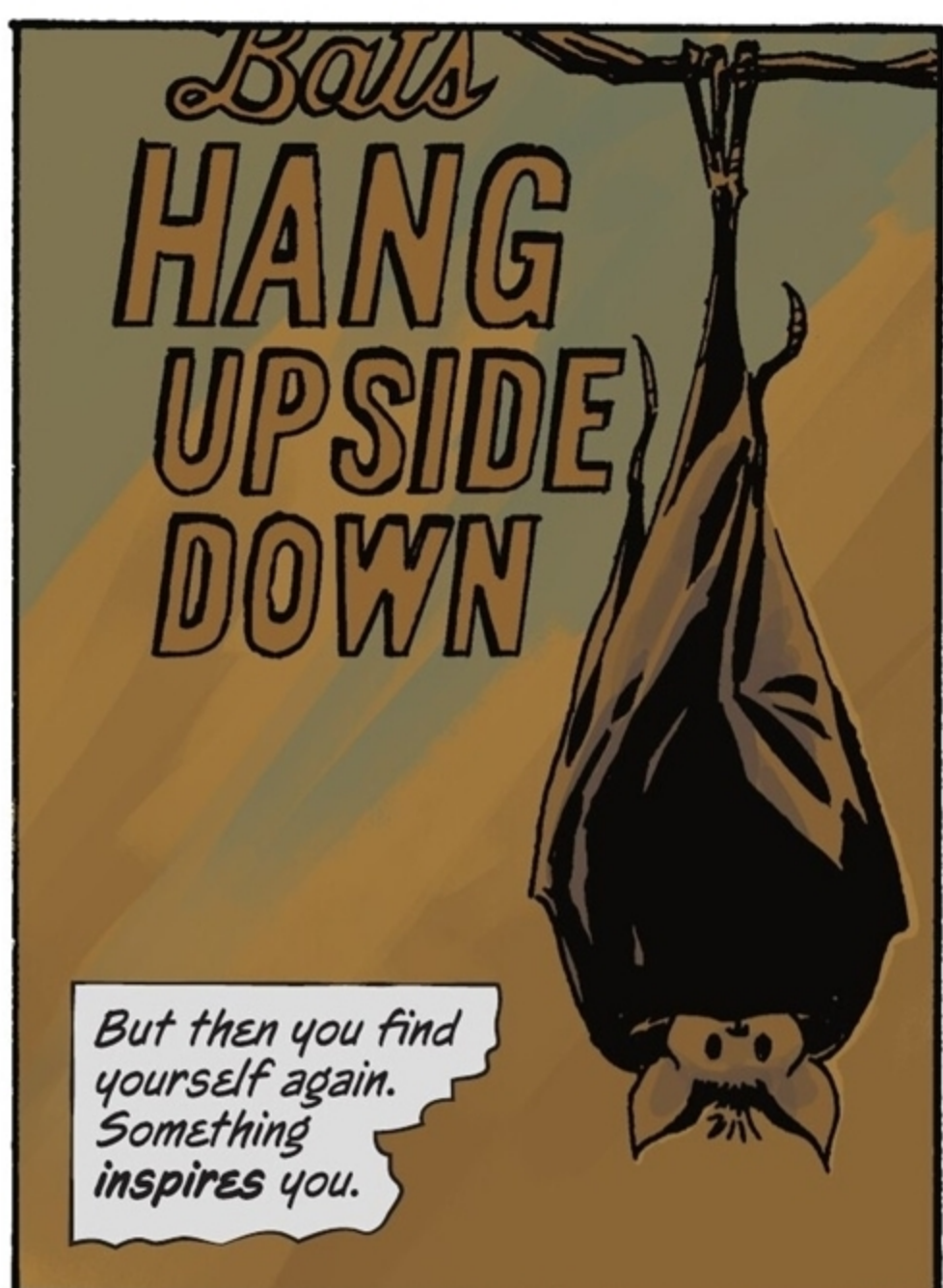


BLAM



BLAM







...and then you come home.

You set up in Gotham and work in the power grid.



Then the water department.

Next, sanitation.



After that? You intern at City Hall, studying public policy, macro and micro.

Learning your city. The body, the brain, every damn part of Gotham.



Until finally, you come full circle. Ever the engineer.

Creating. Building. You even fix what you break... repairing the stairs you blew up last night.



You've built something here, Bruce.

I see it now. And it's impressive. Truly.



But I've taken down men like you before. In cities, in jungles, in deserts, all over the world.



Because you're crusaders.



And crusaders always have a weakness.



And yours...



...is sitting right there.

»TT«...SERIOUSLY?
MAKING YOUR POOR
MOTHER WAIT AN
HOUR FOR YOU OUT HERE
ON THE COLD, HARD
STREETS OF
GOTHAM...



SORRY,
MOM. I JUST...
SWUNG BY THE
ZOO.

»SIGH«
FORGIVEN.

I HEARD WHAT
HAPPENED AT THE
TOWN HALL LAST
NIGHT. ARE YOU
OKAY?

THEY BUSTED
IN **RIGHT** WHEN I WAS
STARTING TO WIN OVER THE
CROWD, BUT OTHER THEN
THAT...



I could kill you
right here in
front of her.
It'd be easy.



It's what I
should do.

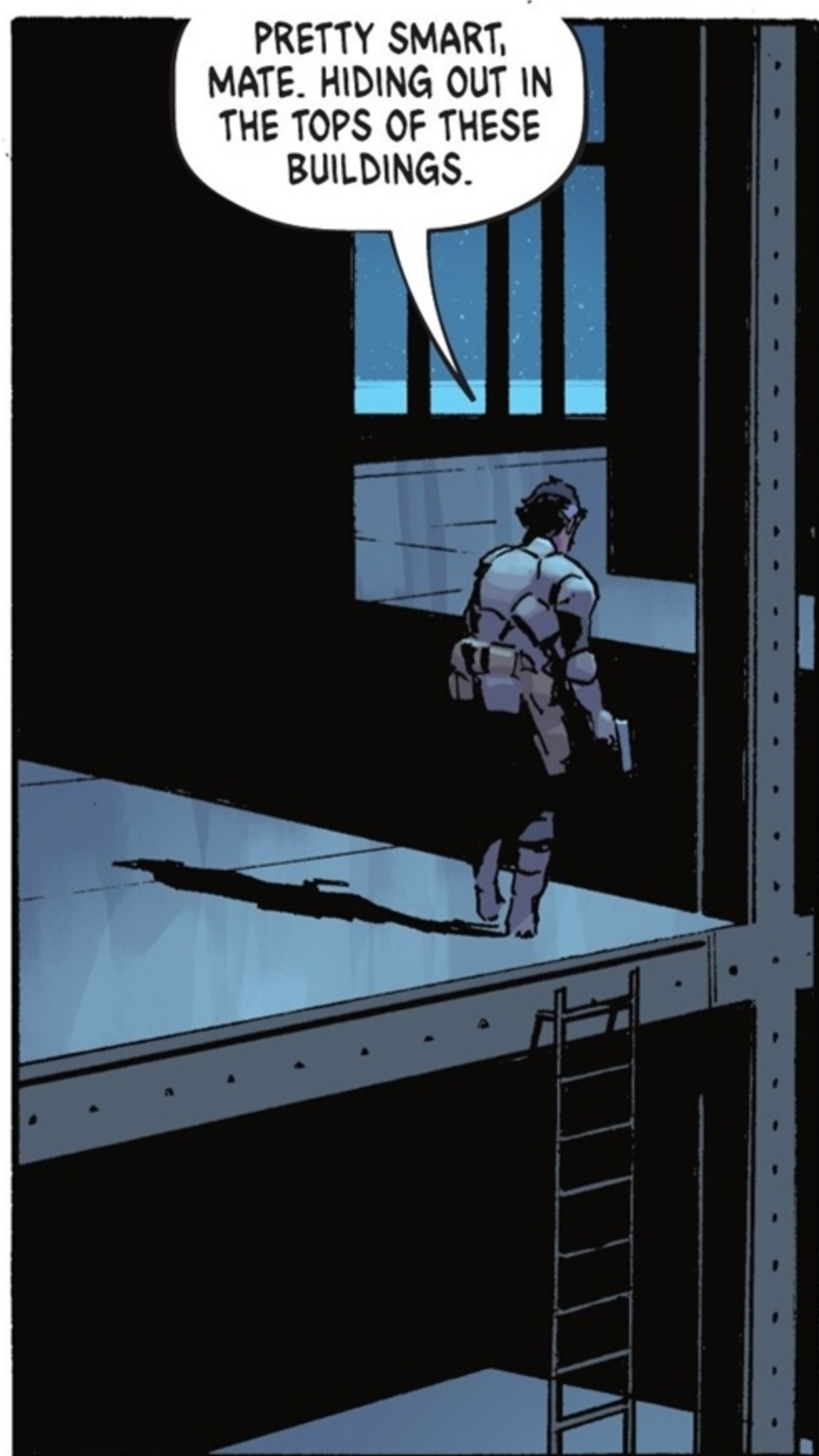
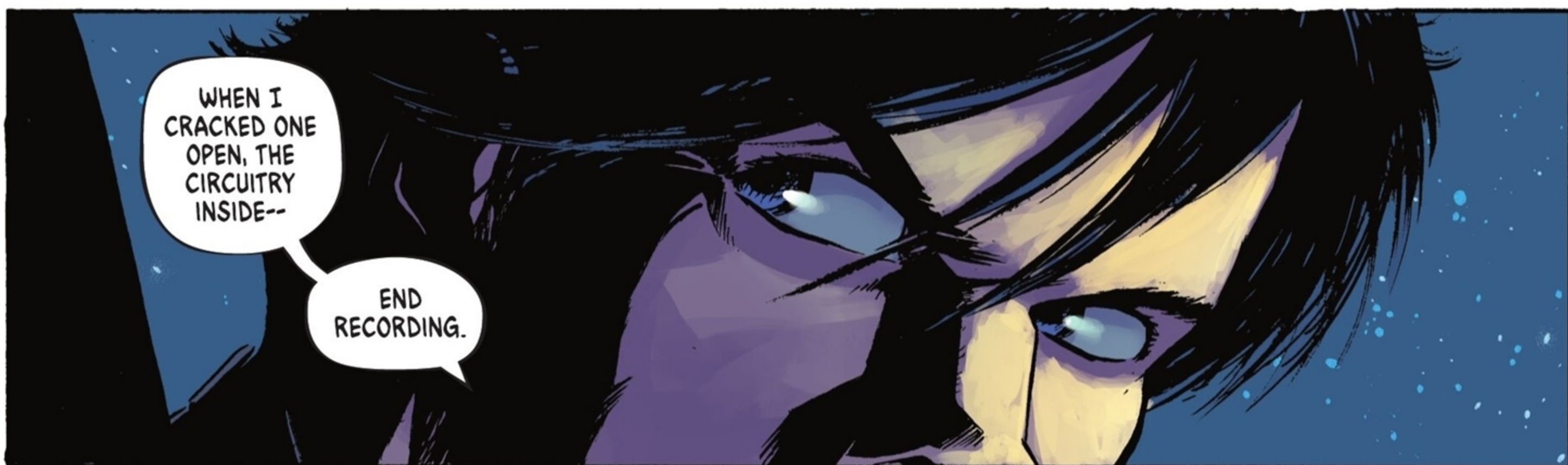
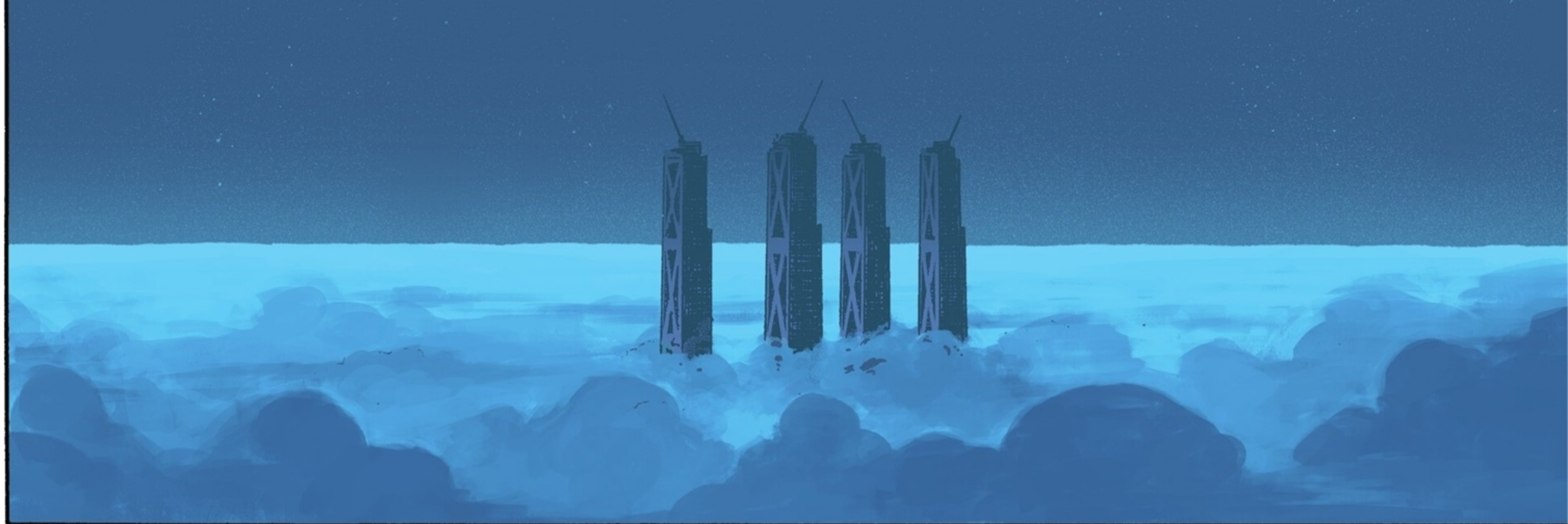
BZZT
BZZT



FROM JULIA:
NEVER CONTACT
ME AGAIN!



But you're just
a \$\$\$% kid.





AW--
THOUGHT YOU
WERE BETTER
THAN THAT,
SON.

YOU GET
CORNERED AND
ALL THOSE IDEALS
GO OUT THE
WINDOW?

CHK
CHAK



GIVE ME
THE GUN,
KID.

YOU'RE NO
KILLER.





And then a few things happen very fast.

First, I realize the little #\$\$% modified my prize shotgun to be nonlethal. Ruined it.

Second, I hear that very gun clatter by my side as though he's saying, "Keep it."

Third, I hear this...roar...

...the roar of my own damn bike.



Fourth, his voice, as he tells me, "You're not the only one who follows people."



And lastly, I hear the sound of glass shattering as he rides out the window...




...a thousand feet up.



»KOFF«
WHERE THE HELL IS HE GOING TO LAND?





And I think
to myself...

...maybe you're
not so bad these
days, Gotham.

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1:25 VARIANT COVER BY IAN BERTRAM
1:50 VARIANT COVER BY MITCH GERADS
**1:100 BLACK-AND-WHITE VARIANT COVER BY JIM LEE
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BATMAN CREATED BY BOB KANE WITH BILL FINGER

EPILOGUE.

I'LL GET HIM NEXT TIME HE INTERFERES.

UNDERSTOOD. JUST STAY FOCUSED ON THE PARTY ANIMALS.

AND...FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH...

...YOUR OLD TARGET? WE LOST HIM SOMEWHERE IN THE PHILIPPINES. HE'S IN THE WIND. THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW.

Lost him.

Five years I tracked him. While he studied with Henri Ducard in France, then killed the poor @#%\$.

While he trained with the League of Assassins, then killed them.

Now...in the wind.

MANILA.

SEMICONDUCTOR MANUFACTURING PLANT.

SO JUST "SIR," NOTHING ELSE? NO MR. THIS OR THAT?

NOPE. THEY'RE ALL FAKE ANYWAY...

...JACK, ARTHUR. HELL, EVEN I DON'T KNOW HIS REAL NAME.

WHEN YOU'RE ONE OF THE THIRTY RICHEST MEN ON THE PLANET, YOU CAN BE WHOEVER YOU WANT, I GUESS.

THINK HE'D WANT TO BE MY RICH, GENEROUS BEST FRIEND?

"DON'T DO THAT. DON'T JOKE."

"WHY?"

"YOU DIDN'T HEAR? THE GUY NEVER LAUGHS. NOT AT ANYTHING. EVER."

"THAT'S WHY THEY CALL HIM..."

"...THE JOKER."

TO BE
CONTINUED...